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MR. H. B. PHILLIPS BEGS TO ANNOUNCE

A RECITAL

BY THE

Wonderful Young Canadian Violinist,

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW

ASSISTED BY

MR. CORMAC O'SHANE

The rising young Irish Basso

On Thursday, 13th March

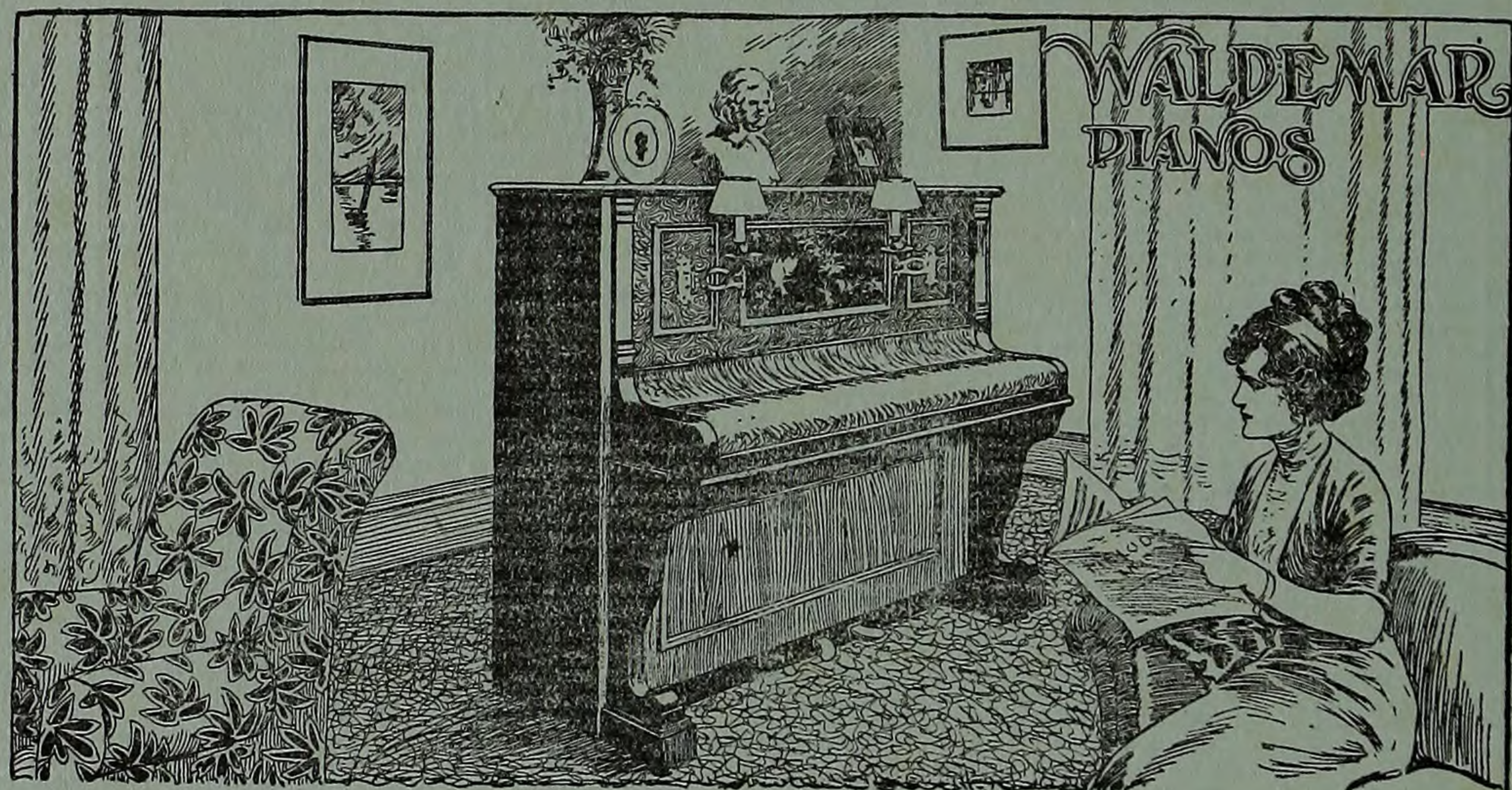
IN THE

GUILDHALL, LONDONDERRY.

AT THE PIANO ——— MR. SPENCER CLAY.

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PHILLIPS' CONCERTS,

GUILDHALL, LONDONDERRY,

Thursday, March 13th, at 8 o'clock.

Violin Recital by Miss Kathleen Parlow,

ASSISTED BY

Mr. CORMAC O'SHANE.

At the Piano - - Mr. SPENCER CLAY.

PROGRAMME:

RECIT. AND } "She Alone Charmeth my Sadness" *Gounod.*
ARIA

CORMAC O'SHANE.

CONCERTO IN G MINOR—
Introduction, Adagio and Finale - *Max Bruch.*
KATHLEEN PARLOW.

"The Two Grenadiers" - *Schumann.*
CORMAC O'SHANE.

(a) Aria - - - - *Bach.*
(b) Gavotte - - - - *Bach.*
(c) Sicillienne and Rigaudon - *Francoeur-Kreisler.*

KATHLEEN PARLOW.

OLD IRISH AIR, *arr. by Esposito*—

(a) "The Lark in the Clear Air" } *Cowen.*
(b) "Border Ballad" }

CORMAC O'SHANE.

"Caprice Viennois" - *Kriesler.*
"Spanish Dance" - *Sarasate.*

KATHLEEN PARLOW.

RECIT. AND } "She Alone Charmeth my Sadness" *Gounod.*
 ARIA }

CORMAC O'SHANE.

Yes, she flies from me still :

All is ready—the Imaums, the Santons—where is she ?

The fire burns in the fane, while the holy men wait,

But the sacred fires wane, O, my love, why so late ?

Cruel one to forsake me :

Thou mad'st me all thy love believe,

But, ah ! well thou knowest, thou knowest to deceive.

She alone charmeth my sadness,

At her feet willing I lay my pow'r and sceptre down,

I, a King ! O, what madness !

'Tis I who am the slave ; 'tis she who wears the crown.

I, a King ! O what madness !

'Tis I who am the slave ; 'tis she who wears the crown.

Wake, oh, wake from the spell and be a King again,

Too long thou pinest, heart, waiting her smile in vain ;

Throw her fetters away, be yet a King, and reign :

Sleeper, awake ! Ah, no ! He dreameth still.

He loves thee. He dreameth still. He loves thee,

And he humbleth his pride, but he gaineth a bride ;

And he humbleth his pride, but gains, but gains a bride,

Thee, his bride, his bride ; thee, his bride, his bride.

She alone charmeth my sadness, etc.

—HENRY FARNIE.

CONCERTO IN G MINOR—

Introduction, Adagio and Finale - *Max Bruch.***KATHLEEN PARLOW.**——— “The Two Grenadiers” - *Schumann.***CORMAC O'SHANE.**

To France there journey'd two grenadiers,
 Set free from their dark Russian prison ;
 But when they came to the German frontiers
 Fresh grief in their hearts had arisen.
 For there did they hear the tidings of woe,
 How France to her depths had been shaken,
 Her army defeated, her pride brought low,
 And the Emp'ror, their Emp'ror, was taken.

In silence their bitterest tears they shed,
 Their country's downfall mourning ;
 And then one said, “ Would I were dead !
 Again is my old wound burning.”
 The other said, “ The end has come,
 For life I care no longer ;
 But I've a wife and child at home,
 And they would die of hunger.”

To wife and child my heart is dead,
 By all but one thought forsaken ;
 Let the children beg if they want for bread,
 My Emp'ror, my Emp'ror is taken !
 If thou my comrade true will prove,
 Now death is closing o'er me,
 Oh carry my corpse to the France I love,
 To rest in the soil that bore me !

My cross of honour duly tied,
 Close to my heart lay on me,
 Then place my musket by my side,
 And gird my sword upon me.
 And there I'll lie with list'ning ear,
 Like a sentinel guarding the forces,
 Till the booming cannon shall thunder near,
 With the noise of the galloping horses ;

When my own gallant Emperor rides o'er the plain.
 While shouts with the sword strokes are blending,
 While shouts with the swords' strokes are blending
 From my grave I shall rise like a soldier again,
 My Emp'ror, my Emp'ror defending !

—PAUL ENGLAND.

- (a) Aria - - - - - *Bach.*
 (b) Gavotte - - - - - *Bach.*
 (c) Sicillienne and Rigaudon - *Francoeur-Kreisler.*

KATHLEEN PARLOW.

OLD IRISH AIR, *arr. by Esposito*—

- (a) "The Lark in the Clear Air" } *Cowen.*
 (b) "Border Ballad" }

CORMAC O'SHANE.

- (a) "The Lark in the clear air" - *Arr. Esposito.*

Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars enchanted,
 As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day ;
 For a tender beaming smile to my hope has been granted,
 And to-morrow she shall hear all my fond heart would say.
 I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's adoration,
 And I think she will hear me, and will not say me nay ;
 It is this that gives my soul all its joyous elevation,
 As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

—SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

(b) "Border Ballad" - - Cowen

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread, flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory!
Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory!

Come from the hills where your hirsals are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border!
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border!

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.



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